

PEGASUS
PEGASUS
PEGASUS
PEGASUS
PEGASUS
PEGASUS
PEGASUS
PEGASUS

AUTUMN 1976

PEGASUS

Pegasus was a free-spirited, winged horse of supernatural speed in ancient Greek mythology, a horse which no human bridle could control. We would like to be thought of as a free-spirited group of people with a similar, perhaps supernatural, drive for independence and individuality. And nothing's gonna hold us down, either! Thus, the name of our publication.

Pegasus is for all gay people and any other liberated, free-thinking soul. It is through this publication that we hope to unite the creative talents of all gays in this town, but we need your help. In order to put out Pegasus quarterly, as we hope to do in the future, we need your ideas, your inspiration, your concern.

You will make this paper what it is; if you help us, we can help each other. So if you have anything that you think other gays should know, or something you would like to share, let us know. Just bring your contribution to a meeting of Gay Liberation in Columbia, or mail it to:

Pegasus

P. O. Box 1672

Columbia, Missouri 65201

Love and peace,

THE PEGASUS STAFF

GAY LIB vs. UMC

Early in 1971, a small group of people gathered in Columbia to start a local Gay Lib chapter. This was the beginning of what has become a major court battle for recognition as a student organization in the first gay rights suit in the state of Missouri. In order to understand where the fight is at this point, one must know a little of the history of this struggle.

By March, 1971, Gay Lib filed for recognition and was approved by the Rules Committee of MSA (Missouri Students Association) without dissent. The vote for recognition in the full MSA Senate was unanimous, thus passing the issue to the faculty/student Committee on Student Organizations, Governments, and Activities. This group, commonly known as the SOGA Committee, must approve all recognition requests and generally spends ten to fifteen minutes to do so. In the case of Gay Lib, the process took until December of 1971 and involved multiple hearings, expert witnesses, and a considerable amount of politics. The first media endorsements of recognition came during this period. The final committee vote of 8-5 for recognition was followed immediately by a veto from the Dean of Student Affairs. The word had come down that this group was not to be afforded recognition.

The MSA President objected strongly to the veto and created an MSA Committee on Sexual Freedom which adopted Gay Lib's Statement of Purpose for its own. This committee served as a vehicle for keeping Gay Lib's functions alive and met weekly. The major problem came when an attempt was made to fund the Committee. MSA approved again, but again the Dean of Student Affairs stepped in with an administrative decision that the

Committee for Sexual Freedom was a subterfuge for Gay Lib and therefore not eligible for funding. This decision was upheld by the UMC Chancellor in the Fall of 1972.

A little later that year, the first contacts were made with the local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. An ACLU commitment was announced to provide legal support in case of the necessity to sue the University to obtain recognition. All available administrative appeals were first followed.

The appeals started in 1972 with a request to the Dean of Student Affairs to reverse the decision of his office. This was declined. The appeal next went to the Chancellor who had supported the Dean. This, too, was refused. In Spring, 1973, an appeal was made to the President of the University, who responded with an offensive rejection. The final appeal was made to the University Board of Curators who referred it to a Board Committee together with a request from the Gay People's Union at UMKC. Board hearings were heard in August of that year in Columbia and Kansas City with legal counsel present and testimony taken under oath. Although Gay Lib brought witnesses from the student body, faculty, and the city of Columbia, it was clear that the Hearing Officer wanted only to hear the negative testimony. His recommendation against recognition was adopted by the University Board of Curators in October, 1973, and the appeals procedure was complete.

In March, 1974, the ACLU filed suit against the University on behalf of the Gay Lib Executive Board. The suit cited violations of basic constitutional protections and used "Healy vs. James" as its major supportive Supreme Court decision. One can better

appreciate the strength of the Gay Lib suit with a brief explanation of the "Healy vs. James" decision of 1972 which has been used previously to support other actions brought by gay groups.

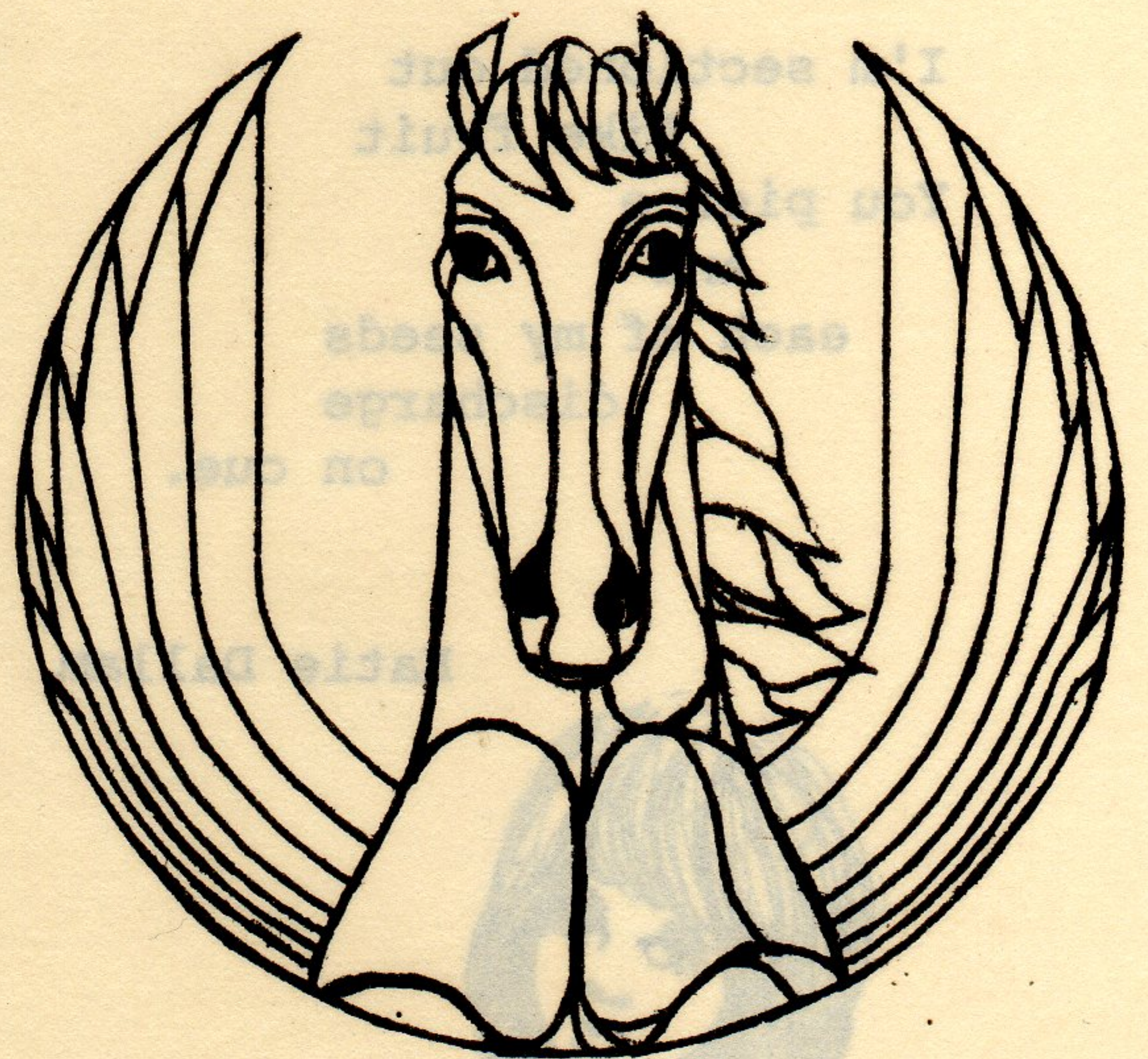
"Healy vs. James" was a Connecticut case involving campus recognition of SDS (Students for a Democratic Society.) There were two main points decided in this case. First, there is no inherent right for any group to be granted recognition on a college campus. However, the second point is that once a campus recognizes any group, it must apply equal standards to all other groups. The burden of proof that a group is not worthy of recognition lies with the administration of the school; it is not necessary for the group to prove that it should be recognized. Only a group which can be proved to be demonstrating "advocacy directed to inciting or producing imminent lawless action an...likely to produce such action" may be refused recognition.

In a thirty-nine page decision handed down on June 29, 1976, the United States District Court in Kansas City ruled against Gay Lib. The grounds for this decision were based upon the Missouri Sodomy Statute and stated that the existence of Gay Lib as a recognized student organization at UMC would be in violation of this law.

On July 12, 1976, the formal appeal of this decision was filed with the United States Court of Appeals. The attorney acting for Gay Lib is confident that this higher court will overturn this decision based on an improper interpretation of "Healy vs. James." The present estimate is that a new decision may be handed down by September or October of 1976.

Given the clear tendency of governmental and judicial officials to use the Sodomy laws to criminalize gay people and to refuse them equal justice under the law, it must be

clear that penal code reform is of the highest importance. The United States Supreme Court has refused to overturn these laws recently and received widespread condemnation for their action. The next move must therefore be made in the legislatures of the 35 states still criminalizing the private sexual behavior of all of their gay citizens and a large portion of their heterosexual population. With proper support from the grass roots, 1977 would be the legislative year that sees Sodomy repeal. It won't happen unless gay people work hard and convince a majority of their lawmakers to vote for penal code reform with Sodomy repeal.



PEGASUS STAFF

Thomas Herrick
T. C. Watson
J. Swofford
J. Dallam
Steven Bernier

SPIDERMAN

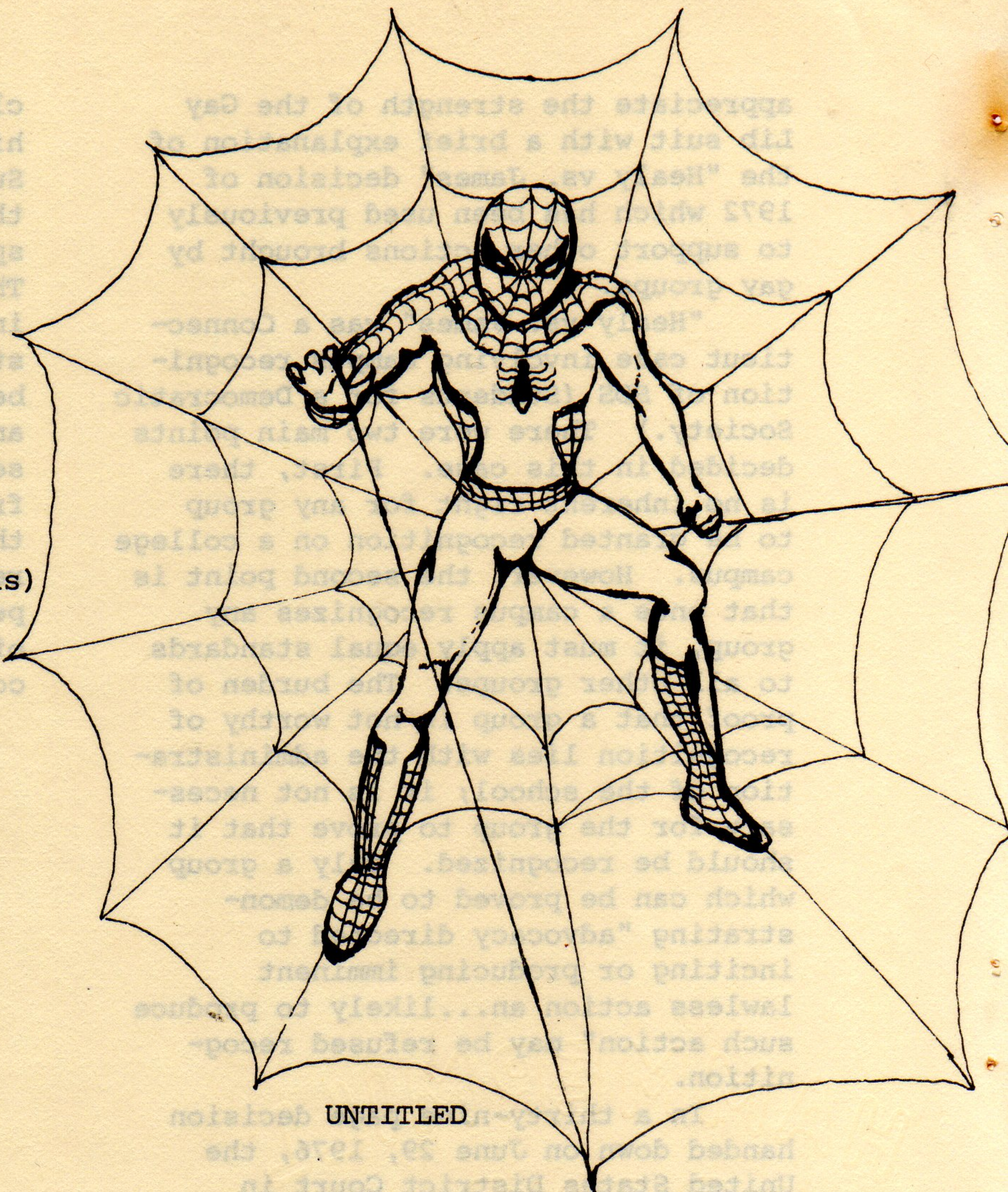
You screw,
twisting me down
wrapping my limbs
around you.

You expect
me to empty
you
(call me eggblower
I'll sugarcoat your shells)

I part
my dreams
pinning my dreams
against you.
Spiderman, I'm
caught inside
your sticky web.

I'm sectioned out
like fruit
You pierce
and
each of my seeds
discharge
on cue.

Katie Dallam



UNTITLED

I wonder if you ever sit down and
think of me
wonder where I am
what I'm doing
if I'm happy

do you ever smell the air and remember
walks we took--camping trips
just the two of us.

how long has it been since we've wrestled
for the Sunday Comics
or shared a bottle of wine

I wonder

do you ever think of me when you see
a flower, a pair of worn jeans
a rainbow
puppies

I wonder--

Ashley

MCC

During the last century and for many years before that, respectable people in society did not mention the word "homosexuality," and they certainly didn't mention the topic either. Whatever else has taken place since then, we may at least talk openly in the seventies about previously taboo areas of human sexuality, including homosexuality.

Still, some people in today's society will be amazed to find that there is a church for homosexuals even in existence, much less to discover that one "gay denomination," the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, now has over forty congregations in the U.S. and is expanding overseas. The MCC of Los Angeles has had as many as a thousand in attendance during a Sunday service.

The pastor and founder of the MCC, Rev. Troy D. Perry, started the fellowship in 1968. A leaflet that was distributed in L.A. states this about the church:

"Today there is a church where the gays and straights worship side by side. Some churches give lip service to the gay Christians. Yet their members snub the gays. Some churches ban the gay person completely. Today there is a church where homosexuals are accepted as normal persons. That church is the MCC.

"This is a church where gay lovers can come to the altar rail together. This is a church where you can renew your childhood faith in Christ and yet not hide nor be ashamed of your sexual inclination. Why don't you renew your faith in Christ this

Sunday at the Metropolitan Community Church?"

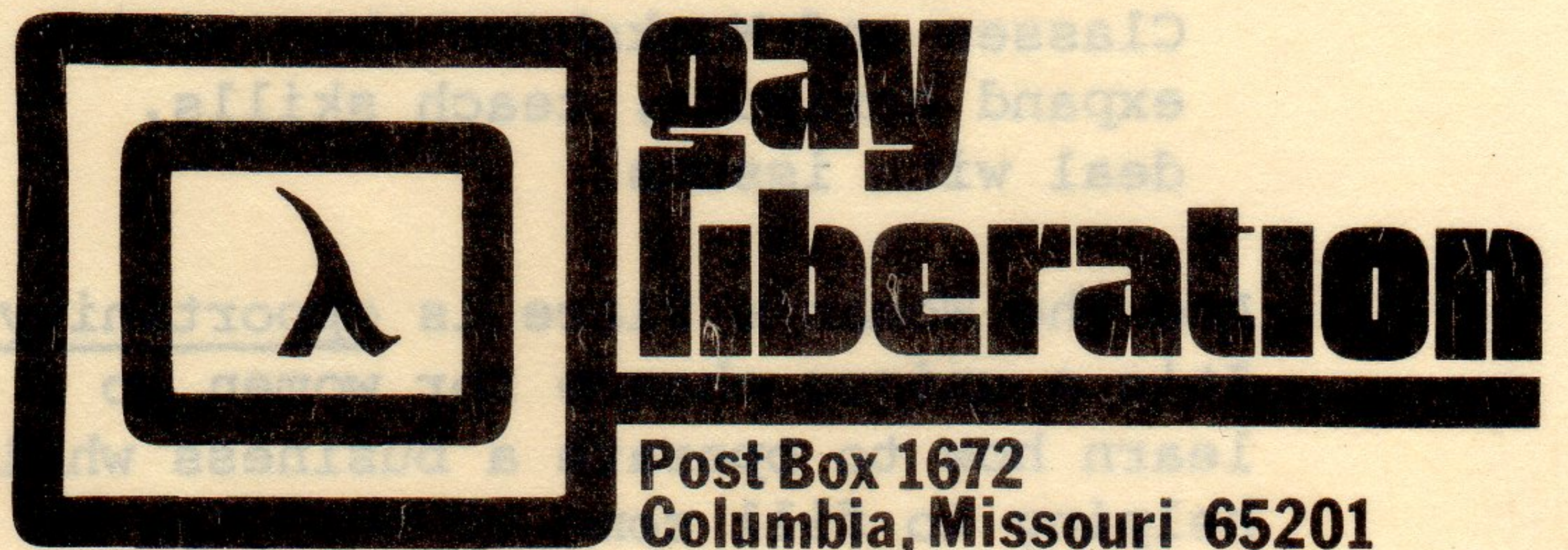
It is the opinion of many homosexuals in the U.S. that the MCC is the best thing that has happened to the gay community--at least to those who wish so much to have the opportunity to worship God in their own way. With the origination of the idea of MCC, we need no longer hate ourselves and lament, "I can't go to church, because I'm queer."

Anyone wanting to learn more about the gay church is directed to two books on this subject: The Gay Church by Ronald M. Emrouth and Gerald E. Jamison and The Lord Is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay by Reverend Troy Perry.

If anyone is interested in starting an MCC study and support group in Columbia, please write to MCC, P. O. Box 1672, Columbia, Missouri 65201.

H. Russell

* * *



* TALK AROUND TOWN *

The Woman's Place is...

The Woman's Place is...

- a) a bookstore
- b) a base for women's programs
- c) in the House...and the Senate
- d) all the above

If your answer was "d," you're correct, but let's talk about the first two choices. In Columbia, The Woman's Place is a bookstore that deals in books covering a variety of subjects including feminist literature. There is also a lending library of adult and children's books.

The Woman's Place is a home base for programs of interest to women including:

the Sisterhood Support System, a telephone network for women who need to share their problems and experiences with another person;

CR-Support Groups for women who want to communicate and share with several people like them or different from them;

Information and Referral, a system whereby women with specific concerns can be directed to the agencies or people who can help;

Classes and Workshops that will expand horizons, teach skills, deal with issues.

And The Woman's Place is opportunity.

It's a unique chance for women to learn how to operate a business while helping to fill some of the gaps in services for women. It's a place where you, as a woman, can come to learn, to grow, and to find and give support.

The Woman's Place, 225 North 9th St.

Gay Liberation

If you feel confused, stay around--you're not the only one! Welcome to Gay Liberation. Gay Liberation welcomes all persons, without regard to affectional or sexual preference.

We have a loosely organized system, but it works (usually). We have no president, and chairpersons are chosen on a rotating basis. There is usually a discussion period after each meeting, set in a coffeehouse type of atmosphere. There's always someone to talk over problems with, and there's always room for change. We like to help each other and get to know each other. Sometimes the group goes out afterwards to a bar or for coffee.

General meetings take place on Tuesday nights, starting at 8 pm. If you are interested in the gay scene in Columbia, or any other gay activities going on in the area, you can usually find out about them at these meetings. Gay Liberation needs you, and it's only what you make it, so come on down to the Ecumenical Center, at 813 Maryland Avenue, to see what's going on!

* * *

UNTITLED

we played in sunshine that day,
holding hands we ran through the park.
proud of our women's love we held on,
even when others stopped to glare.
I will always remember that day.
It was the day we explored pinecones,
dandelions,
and freedom.

Ashley

Looking, Watching

A Story by Ron Gilbert

It's a few days before Christmas and Kurt is driving south on Metcalf. He stops at a red light at seventy-ninth street. He can feel a draft of cold air on the back of his head because the back window has slipped down a little. He twists around to roll it up. The temperature is in the mid-teens and the sky is a smooth gray. The heater in his Datsun is having a hard time keeping the windshield clear.

An Elton John song comes on the radio. "Crap!" he thinks and switches to the golden oldie station. They're playing Chuck Berry. "Oh God," he mumbles and switches it off. Without the radio he's alone in the car. Even with the radio on he's still alone in the car. He's just alone.

Life is a bottle for Kurt. He's inside and everyone else is outside looking in. The few friends he has are those who've been persistent enough to search for the opening in that bottle so they could reach Kurt. Most of the rest of the people are put off by his distance. He had heard Tom, his best friend, say once or twice to people who had just met Kurt, "He's not stuck up, just shy." To hear that would make Kurt withdraw even more.

The light turns green and Kurt starts up. The car lurches a little because even with years of driving he's never mastered a clutch. He drives past the Oldsmobile dealer, the Wolfburger drive-in, and then past eighty-third where the road widens to four lanes. Traffic gets easier and Kurt gets a little bored. He switches the radio back on. Chuck Berry has now given over to Patti Page so he switches back to Elton John and let's it go. With nothing to entertain him his mind

drifts back to his grandmother who's visiting them for Christmas week. This morning he had heard her talking to his mother in the kitchen as they made breakfast.

"Have you met any of Kurt's girlfriends, Alice? He's so handsome I'm sure he has several."

"No, I haven't. And don't you go and embarrass him about girls. He doesn't have many friends. He's quiet, bashful sort of. Let him grow out of it on his own."

"Far be it from me to interfere."

It had made Kurt nervous when he heard it. It was something that happened a lot with relatives. "Got a girlfriend, Kurt?" would always be asked by someone. He would get a little flustered, but then say something unconvincing, trying to make it sound as if he were playing the field.

Now, though, it strikes him as a little ironic. Ahead he can see Metcalf South, the shopping center where he told his mother he would be that afternoon. As he sees the building he feels a little tightness in his stomach. Shopping isn't his real intention, but he will do a little just to cover the excuse to his mother.

He makes a left a ninety-fifth and turns into the parking lot. He drives to the far end and parks as near to the Sears as he can, which isn't very close because the lot is jammed. He has to park between two Cadillacs. It's too tight since both of them are over the lines and encroaching on his space, but it's the only space he can find.

He goes into Sears and walks toward the interior mall. He passes the camera department and sees Alan there doing nothing. He'd been Kurt's partner in Physics back in high school.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

TRINITY

Afraid
of the first
shuddering, screaming
expulsion,
the cruel
externalization,
untouched
by human hands,
alone,
silent,
I waited
for life.

Afraid
of the first
shuddering, screaming
expulsion,
the cruel
externalization,
untouched
by human hands,
alone,
silent,
I waited
for life.

Afraid
of the first
shuddering, screaming
expulsion,
the cruel
externalization,
untouched
by human hands,
alone,
silent,
I waited
for life.

Γανυμήδης

LOOKING, WATCHING (CONT.)

Kurt feels like going over and talking a little, but he's too afraid he'd impose so he just waves. He cuts over through the women's departments and out into the mall.

He goes into the Book Nook for just a minute before going on. He goes over to the science section and scans the "A's" to see if there's anything new by Asimov. There's nothing there he hasn't read so he leaves.

As Kurt approaches the central core of the shopping center he pauses to comb his hair while looking in the window of a storefront. In the central core there are escalators running up to the second and third floors. On the first floor, where Kurt is, there is a fountain that reaches up almost to the third floor. From where he's standing Kurt can look up and see people watching the fountain; some are tossing coins into it; others are watching people watching the fountain. Kurt notices a man on the top floor who is scanning the crowd of Christmas shoppers. His eyes meet Kurt's. Kurt turns and walks back away from the fountain. At the same time he chastises himself for being so sensitive to stares.

He walks over and stands in the entrance of the electronics store. From there he can look up and see the man, but is himself partially blocked from view by the escalators. The man has sandy-colored hair and looks to be in his upper twenties. After a minute or so the man walks away and out of Kurt's view.

Kurt goes over to the escalators and rides up to the second floor. Standing near the top of the escalator are two high school boys. Both are wearing Levi jeans and jackets. One has long blonde hair. His jeans are very faded, torn, and tight. Kurt notices and watches them both. They seem too interested in each other and neither turn so that Kurt can get a good look at their faces. He gets off the escalator and walks close behind the two boys and goes to lean on the rail. He stares into the crowd flowing around the fountain and picks out the faces of a few people

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

LOOKING, WATCHING
(CONT.)

he knows. None of them see him and they go on, fading back into the crowd.

Kurt is feeling tense. When he holds his hands out before him they tremble slightly. He feels impatient, nervous. He wants to walk around, to shop, but realizes that will defeat his purpose. He had resolved earlier to make a serious attempt this time and knows that if he gives up so soon he would regret it deeply later.

He looks straight across to the opposite railing. There is a man standing there in a business suit. He has no packages and seems more intent on watching the first floor so Kurt's stare is never met. Kurt looks along the line of people next to the man. A woman steps out of the crowd and up to the man in the suit. He turns and gives her a peck on the cheek. They walk away together. Kurt feels frustrated. He stands back from the railing and looks at the crowd around him. A gray-haired fat old lady with four little kids bumps him as she goes by. He feels annoyed and uncomfortable with so many people around him.

He turns to walk up the north wing of the shopping center towards Macy's. As he turns a corner he looks back towards the fountain. He sees for just a moment the face of the sandy-haired man. Then it disappears back into the mass.

He walks along looking at the people who are walking, shopping, or sitting on the benches. As he approaches Macy's he stops in a crowd of people around a man drawing sketches of children. Kurt looks across the faces of the people there. They are all watching the little girl who is being drawn. He notices the two high school boys again. They are over at a water fountain on the wall. They walk into Macy's. Kurt decides to follow them, but by the time he has gotten free of the crowd he has

lost them. He moves over next to an artificial potted plant to be out of the way and stands for a few minutes just watching the people going past.

He feels tired from standing. He's frustrated; everything seems hopeless. He glances around looking for a place to go to be out of the crowd, alone and quiet for a few minutes. There are no such places. He wants to go out to the car and sit and cry a little. He sighs and slowly walks back toward the escalators, his head down a little watching his feet. He sits on an empty bench in front of the shoe store. He's too tense to relax and lean back. He examines his hands on his lap and is surprised when someone sits next to him. He looks up too quickly and sees a woman about his own age. He looks away into the crowd. He's uncomfortable on the bench so he gets up and continues walking.

He decides to take the escalator on up to the third floor. There he sees the sandy-haired man again. He's standing by the railing at the far end of the open area. Kurt walks around so that he is on the opposite side of the man. He steps back away from the railing and stands in the entrance to a men's clothing store where he is not as noticeable. He watches.

The man leans with his right arm on the railing, his left leg bent slightly. He seems to have his eyes fixed on someone to Kurt's right. Whoever it is is hidden by the store entrance so that Kurt cannot see him. Kurt walks over to the railing that runs at right angles to the one the man is leaning on. Kurt watches him. After several minutes the man turns and walks a few steps to a bench. He sits and crosses his legs. He looks up and sees Kurt watching him. The man stares calmly. Kurt tries to keep watching him, but years of unconscious training force him to turn his head. He looks to the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

LOOKING, WATCHING
(CONT.)

right at a few people there. He scans across the store fronts to his left as if looking for someone. He sees the man is still watching him. Kurt, trying to act calm, walks into the health food store near him. He stares at the wheat germ display for a few minutes trying to calm down. His breathing is too fast.

After reading the label on a bottle of Vitamin C, Kurt walks back out to the mall. The sandy-haired man is standing back at the railing. Kurt walks around behind him. The man turns and notices Kurt. They both look away from each other. The man sits on the bench again. Kurt tenses up. He is torn. He stands still for a few minutes. He feels he should walk up to the railing or sit on the bench. Rather, he walks a few feet closer and sits on the edge of a large planter. He watches the man. Kurt's hands are cold, freezing. He holds out one hand. It's trembling even worse than before. He looks around, his gaze jerking nervously. His eyes return to the man. He had turned toward Kurt and is lighting a cigarette. Kurt tries to look him in the eyes, but he can't. He looks down at his feet. He raises his sight to chest level, but can't look at the man's face.

The man stands and looks across the mall carelessly and then back at Kurt. He stares down at him. Kurt's hands tighten on the edge of the planter he was sitting on. His breathing is faster. He can feel his heart beating. His pulse beats through his neck and in his ears. His teeth are clenched. His stomach knots when he looks in the man's face. The man turns and begins to walk slowly away. Kurt stays on the planter. After the man is gone about fifty feet he stops and stares back at Kurt. Kurt stands and takes a hesitant step forward. The man

turns and walks on slowly. Kurt can feel the sweat running from his armpits. His tongue is dry. He begins to follow the man--then stops. He is locked for a few seconds. He turns and walks in the opposite direction. He goes on the end of the mall turning once to look behind. He can't see the man. He takes the stairway down past the second floor to the first. He goes out the doors to the parking lot. He walks to the car with his coat collar up around his ears. When he gets in his car he leans back and cries quietly, his body trembling.

* * *

APARTMENT 103

(Katie Dallam)

103
is beating phonebooths
and screaming epithets

the police are
below, laughing
and keeping a sharp
lookout

in a veil
of sheets
I watch quiet
letting the wind
pass through me

father cracks
nuts, sipping
wine,
103 no longer
interests him

I hug the windowsill
straining
to hear her
mad prayer
tearing
down the street.

HERE IN COLUMBIA

Here in Columbia
City Jail
I sit, waiting to be transferred.
My life
Becomes ever so confusing
And I don't know
Where I am.
It seems somehow that only last night,
Sitting in a cold wooden pew,
A cold wooden Pugh
Pronounced my destiny.
And as he spoke, the words flowed forth
And filled the room, instead of words,
A crowd of beetle-faced old men
To badger, strip, and throttle me.
Then ten million screaming women
Flew into the room,
Like chickens,
Squawking, scratching,
Fast behind one large, old beetle,
Who cursed me in the name of God.
My God,
What happened after that?
All I know is
Now they say I cannot walk the streets
At night
Nor can I walk the streets
By day.
Yes, they tell me faggots are illegal here.
So here I sit
In Columbia City Jail,
Staring down between my feet
At the bloody face of Mayor Pugh,
Waiting to be transferred.
They tell me that Paul Pepper
Gives away my puppy soon--
In fact, within ten minutes
His pink tongue appears upon your screen.
And since I sit here
In Columbia City Jail,
Waiting to be transferred,
I cannot tell you how my puppy
Likes to be scratched behind his ears,
Or how he likes to snuggle in my lap,
So, I guess, perhaps, if you see the news
Tonight, and if you don't mind
Thinking of a faggot's pup,
I'd ask you, please, be careful with my pet,
My last, my loving, friend.

T. C. Watson

INFERNO

Restricted area:

Enter ye, all those who pass
And be violated if ye may,
For these are the abodes of the homeless
And the prisons of freedmen--
Shadows that fall from a light unseen.
Feel me, if your senses reach
The depths of the godforsaken.
Heal me, if your heart can teach
My wounded soul to die.

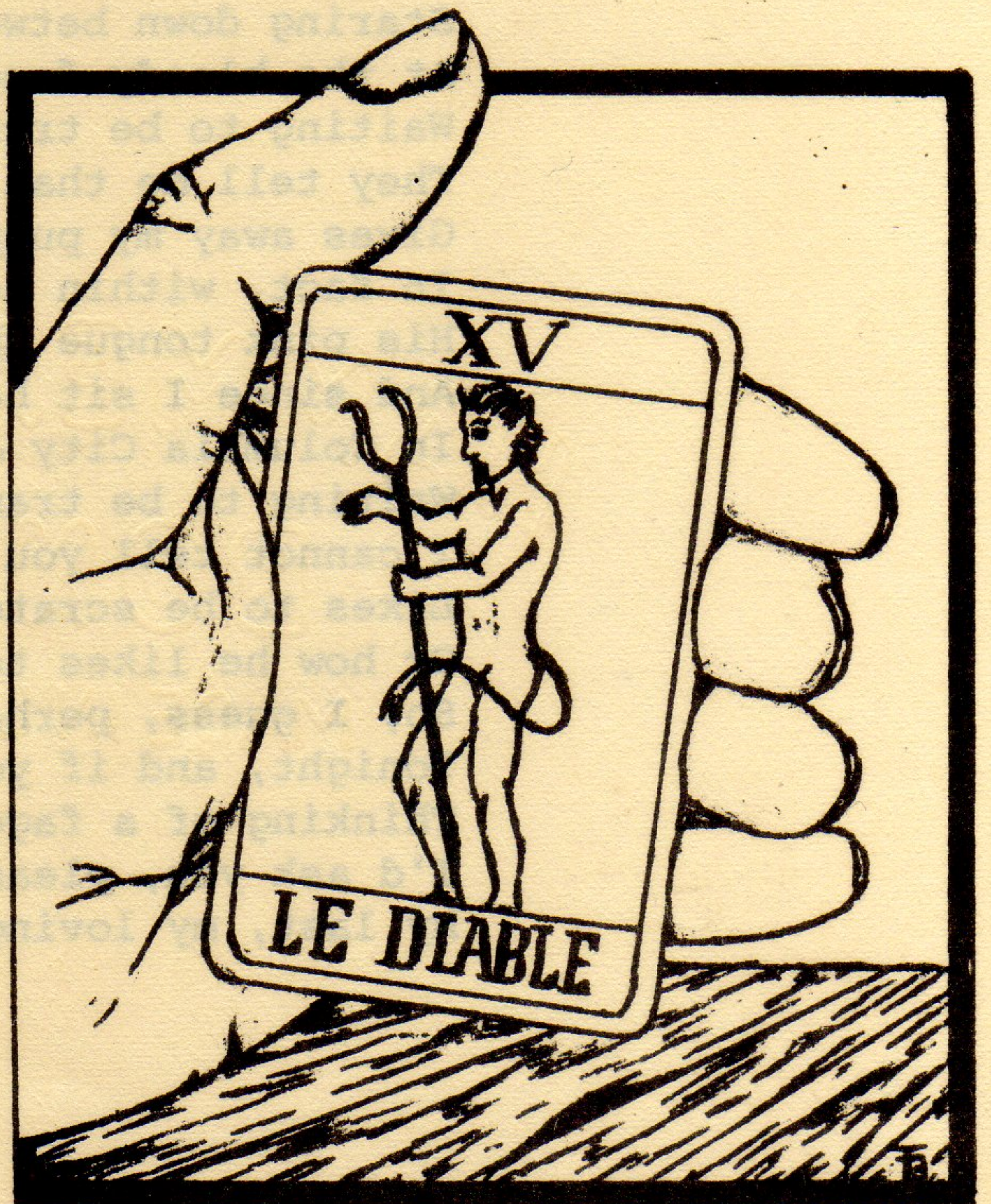
Who will buy my memories?
I'll sell them all for pennies.
And sing a song
For my sacred daughters, suffered to a king.

For I'll live to see a dying swan
Rise proudly in the flames,
And an angry people crying,
"Revolution!" to a martyred child of God.
Forgive us all our debts,
And deliver us from our neighbors.

A man walking upon a shaded hill
Approaches--kneels to comfort me.
I feel the warmth of August air,
And the twilight breeze
Which shelters us from shame.
I'll match each strength and calm, each stroke,
My friend, and bind you to my life.

And this will be our legacy:
A gateway to the land of hope,
Bordered by our rosaries.
And clear, above the door, is marked:
Restricted area.

T. C. Watson



SEX AND THE SWINGING GAY

VD IS GAY - BUT NOT FUN!

Venereal disease is no joke. Gays can catch VD just as easily as straights can, but many gays don't realize this. In recent years, the majority of infectious syphilis cases reported in St. Louis involved gay persons.

LET'S LOOK AT SOME VD FACTS

- FACT: The two most common venereal diseases in the United States are syphilis and gonorrhea. They are two separate and distinct diseases.
- FACT: Gonorrhea infects an estimated two and one half million people per year in the United States. Syphilis infects 100,000 persons each year.
- FACT: Untreated gonorrhea can cause blindness, crippling arthritis, heart disease, and sterility. Untreated syphilis can cause heart disease, blindness, insanity, and death.
- FACT: VD is passed from one person to another through very close body contact, almost always through some type of sexual contact. VD cannot be caught from objects such as toilet seats, drinking cups, or doorknobs.
- FACT: Syphilis can be detected by means of a special blood test. Gonorrhea can be detected by a smear or a culture; however, in a female the only reliable test is a culture.

SYPHILIS

When a person is infected with syphilis, there is an incubation period which may last up to 90 days but the average is three weeks. A blood test taken during the incubation period may be negative.

This means the syphilis germs have entered the body, but may not yet be in the bloodstream, and no signs or symptoms are evident.

The first symptom of syphilis is a chancre (pronounced "shanker"). The chancre is skin damage which develops where the germ entered the body, and is usually painless. A male will usually have a chancre on his penis, but if he has oral sex it may appear in his mouth or on his lips. If he has anal sex, it may appear in his rectum. The same is true for a female who has oral or anal sex.

It is extremely important to realize that you can have a chancre in your mouth or rectum and not even know it!

The chancre will disappear after a few weeks, but that does not mean the disease has disappeared. You still have syphilis, but now you are not aware of it because you have no visible signs.

Three to six weeks after the disappearance of the chancre, new symptoms may appear in the form of a skin rash, hair falling out in patches, unusual sores or rashes on the body and sores in the mouth. Often, dark blotches appear on the palms of the hands and soles of the feet. This is the secondary stage and in this stage the blood test is always positive.

These symptoms may be very slight and may not be noticed at all. These signs, too, will disappear; but syphilis continues to live in the bloodstream and tissues, where it may cause permanent damage to the body. From five to twenty years after the initial infection, untreated syphilis may result in permanent heart disease, crippling, insanity, paralysis, blindness, and death. (CONT. ON PAGE 14)

SEX AND THE SWINGING GAY
(CONT.)

GONORRHEA

If a gay male gets gonorrhea in his penis, he will usually know it because he will have a burning sensation while urinating, or a mucous, pus-like discharge from his penis, or both.

But, if he gets gonorrhea in his mouth or rectum, he may not know it! This holds true also for females. A culture test will have to be performed by his/her own doctor or by a Health Department clinic.

Important: When getting an examination for gonorrhea tell the nurse or doctor what type of sex you have (oral, rectal, etc.) so the proper area of your body can be checked for infection. If you are certain that one of your sex partners has been treated for gonorrhea, mention this to the doctor or nurse at the time of the examination.

Females can develop an unusual vaginal discharge, but more than 80% of females do not develop symptoms that alert them to the fact that they may be infected. This is serious, because if neglected, gonorrhea can develop into pelvic inflammatory disease (PID), a severely painful and dangerous infection. Many females and gay males unknowingly infect their sex partners because they do not have symptoms of gonorrhea and are not aware they are infected.

POINTS TO REMEMBER

In Missouri (and in most other states) minors can be treated without the consent of their parents. Gay people are treated with respect at Health Department clinics. Health Department personnel do not hassle, judge, or "look down upon" gays; they treat all clinic patients as persons who need help to cure a disease. All VD, whether gay or straight, is treated as a medical problem, not a moral one.

ALL INFORMATION IS KEPT IN STRICTEST CONFIDENCE!

But, just getting treated is not enough! Your sexual contacts must be examined, if only to prevent you from becoming reinfected. There is no immunity to VD, and you can catch it again and again. A person left untreated may develop severe complications.

If you think that you might have VD, do not ignore it or attempt to treat it yourself! You will mask or hide the symptoms. Pills obtained from a friend will probably do far more harm than good. The signs or symptoms may go away, but that does not mean the disease has gone away. See your doctor, or go to a VD clinic, hospital, or health center.

In Columbia, contact the Columbia City Health Department, Municipal Building, at 442-0160 for information concerning their FREE VD clinic.

* * *

THE WHEEL...

Where men can be men,
And women can be women.

* * * *

Listen to "COMING OUT"

Alternate Mondays, 11:00 PM

KOPN, 89.5 FM

Reviews

BETTE MIDLER, "Songs for the New Depression" (Atlantic)

--"Songs for the New Depression" is the Divine Miss M's third album, and as with the last two, you will instantly fall in love with it. But unlike her second album, in which Miss M put all the ballads on one side of the album and all the fast, light-hearted songs on the flip-side, Miss M has mixed both types of music together throughout this album, making for a much more enjoyable listening experience.

Miss M's voice is another change in this album; it's not as raspy as in the last two albums, but instead is soft and mellow. Either she's been taking voice lessons, (in which case I'd sure hate to be the instructor who has to teach singing to the lady whose middle name is tacky!) or they are using a hell of a lot of mixers in that recording studio.

One thing that hasn't changed is Miss M's love for taking old, campy songs and changing them into songs that are still old and campy, but which are much more pleasurable to listen to. I mean, anyone who can improve on Frank (The Mafia) Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night," as much as she did, deserves some type of award. And for all you people who haven't been able to sleep because you've heard that tune "Old Cape Cod" somewhere before, but just can't remember where . . . it's from that Crosby classic, "White Christmas." Happy Dreams!

And finally, within this album we see Miss M not only singing but writing a couple of tunes herself (a first, I believe, for her). And they're typical Bette Midler--crazy, tacky, incoherent, but great! For example, "Samedi et Vendredi" is in French!

(Now why would a Hawaiian Jewish girl want to write a song in French?) Also, the words make no sense; the song starts out describing her dreams and ends up talking about eating sausage--it's great! So run out and buy the album. I guarantee you will fall in love with it.

* * *

RUBYFRUIT JUNGLE, by Rita Mae Brown

--Rubyfruit Jungle is without a doubt one of the most valuable pieces of lesbian literature ever written. Not only is it humorous, but it also gives a true picture of what it is like to grow up as a lesbian in Amerika.

In her book Rita Mae Brown deals more with people's reactions to her as a woman and a lesbian--instead of detailed bed scenes. Ms. Brown does mention relationships, but not in the "Then I tore off her clothes and spread her legs" manner that most heterosexual authors base their homosexual works on.

I also found it refreshing to read a book about a lesbian (by a lesbian) where in the end she was still alive and happy as a lesbian. There seems to be a tendency either to kill our lesbian main character or show her as being zapped by "the cure" and marrying a male. It really is sad to have to read junk like that.

I recommend this book highly--it is very entertaining and informative.

λ

More Reviews

THE FRONT RUNNER, by Patricia Nell Warren

--It's hard to know what to say about this book. From a surface reading it seems a very warm and moving story, totally supportive of the rights of gay people as human beings, and undoubtedly this is what the author intended. All right, I'll admit it: I cried at the end. But I would certainly have reservations about calling it the Great Gay Novel.

The story in a nutshell concerns a runner named Billy Sive, his love affair with his coach Harlan Brown, and their trials and tribulations on the way toward the Montreal Olympic games. I won't say exactly what happens at the end, but if you like a good tear-jerker, you'll love this one.

One of the most amazing things about this book is that it was written by a woman (and, I presume--though perhaps I shouldn't--a straight woman). I must say that Ms. Warren has shown great sensitivity in probing and understanding the gay male psyche, or at least one type of gay male psyche, which leads me to my objections about the book.

Perhaps because it is set in the world of sports, THE FRONT RUNNER presents the ideal gay man as very macho indeed. Not macho to the point of leather and chains, but the good gays are portrayed as MEN, nonetheless. The more "effeminate" gay men in the story, when they are presented at all, are looked upon with a tongue-in-cheek attitude that is just a little too smug and patronizing for me to stomach. Sure, the Nellies of the world should be tolerated, but butch is really better (she seems to say). This type of straight thinking is counter-revolutionary to say the least.

Going hand-in-hand with this negative treatment

of femininity in men is Ms. Warren's portrayal of women in general. I hope that the author hasn't been so brainwashed by the straight, male-dominated society that she herself looks upon women in this way, but the alternate position, that she thinks this is the way gay men think about women, is no more attractive. The women in the story are types like Billy's mother, who abandoned him as a baby and shows up again when he makes the news, and Harlan's bitchy, alimony-grabbing wife. And let's not forget Betsy, the token lesbian. Guess what lesbians are good for? Why, having faggots' kids, of course.

But enough of my fault-finding. Read the book and decide for yourself. I'm sure you'll find the story enjoyable and moving. But keep in mind that it was written by a straight woman, however well-intentioned, and don't accept it on face value.

Γανυμήδης

* * *

EARLY SPRING

This winter
lacks heart.

It is only March
and I have seen
a rose so fragile
that a single caress
sent every petal
crashing to earth.

Trees bud
challenging the snow
to return.

Bob Thompson

LESSON 1 IN AMERICAN BIGOTRY

The courtroom is filled to capacity with reporters and curious onlookers. The eyes of the nation and the world are on this trial, because something very important will be decided here. The courtroom is hushed and everyone has his attention on the judge, who is making his opening statement.

"The defendants are charged with eating pork and are also charged with admitting it in public. Mr. Prosecutor, you may call in your first witness."

The prosecutor, an elderly, hard, and calloused looking man, called out with a commanding, overbearing voice, "The prosecution calls to the stand Mr. Red Neck." After the swearing in procedures, the questioning begins. "Mr. Neck, you reported the offenses of the defendants to the authorities. Now would you, in your own words, tell the court what happened?"

Mr. Red Neck stiffens with pride and begins the account. "Well, you see, me and my family, well, one night we decides to eat out at a restaurant, and we goes in and sits down and orders beefsteak like any other normal red-blooded Americans would do.

"Well, I looks around the restaurant and right before my eyes, and I mean to say, right before my eyes, those two pinko weirdos over there were eating pork chops. Now everyone knows that it's unnatural to eat pig, and that the only thing God ever meant for us to eat was beef.

"Well, I goes over to their table and I says to them two, 'How dares you eat pork and in public, too, right in front of my family?' And then these two gets up and says loud so as everyone could hear them that

they always eats pork and that they were proud of it. Well, that was all I could take and I walks over and calls the police.

"What's this country coming to anyway? Ain't we ever gonna stop giving in to these weirdos? First it was the damn niggers, and then these hippies, and we gave in to them, but we just can't give in to this pork eating. If we do, well, the next thing you know, those pinkos will be holding down our kids and forcing them to eat pig, heaven forbid, so we's just gotta stop this, and we's gotta stop it now.

"Well, I guess that's about how it happened." With that the prosecutor turns the witness over to the defense.

The defense attorney approaches Mr. Neck and begins his questioning. "Mr. Neck, the defendants have worked for you and have also rented their apartment from you. Will you please tell the court what their job performance was and how they were as tenants?"

Mr. Neck shifted nervously in his chair and then said, "Well now, they worked for me real well and hard too, and kept up the apartment real well and paid their rent on time, but that don't make me no never mind, because I fired them and kicked them out of the apartment, because I ain't having nothing to do with their kind. Well, just last Sunday the Reverend told us to be on the lookout for these weirdos, called them wolves in sheep's clothing."

With that Mr. Neck was allowed to step down and the prosecution called its next witness, Reverend Preach O. Ignorance. The prosecutor began, "Reverend Ignorance, would you tell this court why you, as a representative of God and religion, demand that the defendants be punished?"

The Reverend suddenly appeared as though he were behind his pulpit on Sunday morning and was about to deliver hellfire and brimstone. "God has told us in Leviticus 11:7 that we must not

(continued on page 18)

LESSON 1 (cont.)

eat pork, and it says so as clear as day. And we know that the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah ate pork and the two cities were consumed with the fire of God's righteous indignation, amen.

"Everything in today's society is against God's word, why just look at Women's Lib. The Bible makes it clear that a woman's place is below man, and yet women insist on being equal.

"But I tell you today, if we give in to these pork eaters and Women's Libbers, we will be visited by God's fearsome wrath and those who condone their actions will be burned in hell and the smoke of their torment will ascend forever and ever and they shall know no peace. Glory Hallelujah, Praise the Lord, Amen, Amen, Amen."

Having no further questions, the prosecutor turned the witness over to the defense. "Reverend Ignorance," began the defense attorney, "we are dealing here with a law of a secular government, and yet you come to us and support your belief not with scientific evidence, but merely with your Bible and your interpretations of it. Doesn't this smack of mixing of Church and State, your church's beliefs influencing our secular laws, which is against our nation's constitution?"

The Reverend Ignorance, realizing that his beliefs were actually being questioned, was suddenly filled with righteous indignation, and shouted at the court, "When our forefathers made our constitution, they put the Church and State clause there, but only to apply to the Catholics, and every true Christian knows that Catholics are of the devil, the Bible says so in Revelations. But we are true Christians and we must lead our nation according to the Bible." With that, the Reverend ended his eloquent presentation and the

defense rested its case.

The judge instructed the jury, and they were escorted out of the courtroom. In only minutes they came back in.

The judge asked if they had reached a verdict. The foreman of the jury then replied, "Yes, we have your Honor. We find the defendants innocent of any wrongdoing.

"However, we find this nation guilty of denying equality and the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to its citizens.

"We find the churches guilty of perpetuating ignorance, prejudice, and division among the citizens of this nation.

"We find Mr. Red Neck guilty of prejudice and discrimination, but hold that he is not responsible for his actions, because of the strong influences of tradition, garbled with mutilated religious concepts upon his feeble mind.

"Finally, we find those officials whose duty it is to guard and uphold the constitution of this nation guilty of gross negligence in their duties."

And so ended the trial, but what will be the consequences for those who were found guilty?

An Allegory

by Thomas C. Herrick

* * *

Double-Bubble Hour

at THE WHEEL

5-9 PM, Mon-Sat
cheese bar, Mon-Fri

Double Shots on all Mixed
Drinks

TO MY ONE TRUE LOVE, WHEREVER HE MAY BE

Often I find you standing near my memories,
And softly, through the night, I call your name.
But as I reach to pull you close
There comes a swift awakening.
And here I am again, alone in this cold bed.

At times you seem a mere hallucination,
Some fantastic vision of a love that cannot be.
And then I feel that I must be deluded,
For surely you are more than fantasy;
And why can I recall your tender warmth,
The vibrant luster of your open stare,
Your hand upon my eager thigh,
Lips grazing down my throat and chest?

I feel the emptiness which once you filled
(Or once shall fill),
And, silently, I turn my head and cry.

T. C. Watson

THE GRIFFIN

Why do I follow you, o man of mystery?
Caught in the iridescent finery
Of your plumage,
I stroke the silken firmness
Of this mighty limb.
And the lashing of your tail,
As it curves to trace the outline of my waist.
Recalls the brighter image of your griffin eyes.
I gaze with wonder at your features.

Oh, you mystical bird-beast, man-god,
Torture me no longer with your
Haughty presence.
Plunge the taloned claw into my breast
And fill your golden beak with scarlet nectar.

My, doesn't the lady look smashing in red?

T. C. Watson

Untitled

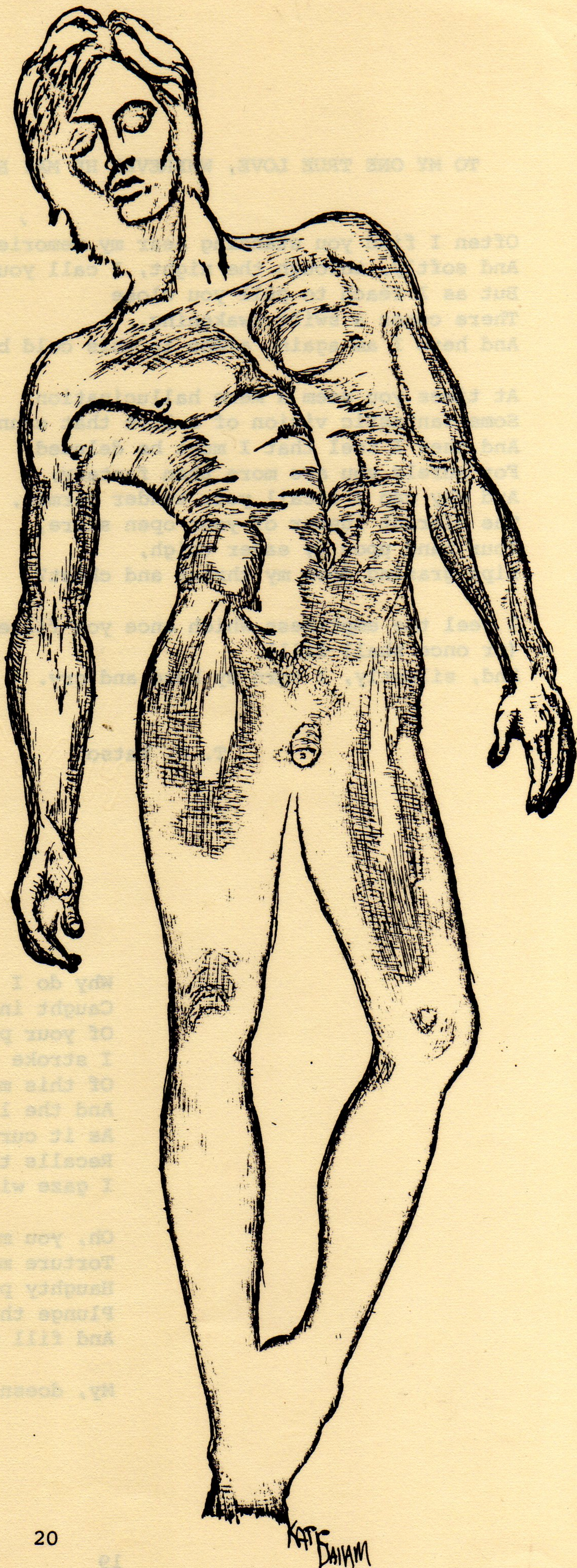
Touch
the hand
that whorls the thumb,
that sends
endless tracers;
water rings
into the pebble
of
myself.

Become
the lips
that nestle the eyelids
that stain
the flesh
in
rainbow kiss.

Inside
the dream
that veils the night,
I cannot
sleep
for your smile....

Feel
me now
warm in your arms
in tune
with limbs
and
candleflame.
-- come kindle
me
in your wind.

Katie Dallam



UNDERSTANDING POETRY & THE MODERN POETS

On precisely printed pages
stark words
stand like sentinels
to keep the poet from the poem.

How peculiar it would be
to find Mr. Eliot
housed in these slick, expensive texts.

He lives elsewhere.
Here, to be seen,
is Sweeney doing whatever it is
that he does
and Prufrock exhibiting his sterility
for ladies
bored by Michelangelo.

Bob Thompson

KISS THE DARKNESS

Kiss the darkness
that blinds
and leaps at you.
Embrace her gently
as your dark-eyed lover
--let her enter your body.
Reach out and touch her
that you might feel her lustful glow.
Taste on her breath forgotten dreams.
Listen to her silence
bound with fireflies and secrets.
Breathe in
and light your soul
with the fire of a lost star falling.
Exhale a cry like a wolf seeking warmth,
grasping tight your knife to call down the sky.
Then
dance in the night
weaving the willows
with moonlight
spinning magic
on which to lay your love.

Stephanie



Stephanie